Fistula Chamois

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I: Hosanna Factory

THE INCIDENT AT THE PEELING FACTORY

Communism is another malfunctioning demigod of the Luciferian Order. Sickles and hammers, and limp starved wrists bend against the sacrifice of Christ. Redemption upheaval schematics lay barren on the now paved floors of cavernous revolution chambers.

The presence of the apple satisfies the chains, fallen grace structures, and well-kept cattle, confused and whipped in the information dimension. Agony of the flesh is the primary particle of worship and obedience. When God falls out of fashion, men become the abusers, followed by women, and then transvestites. All of them fail equally, as the chain of command dictates it so. Failure and guilt breed growth or decay. From this birth, the flesh will either be transcended by the spirit, or it shall rot unto eternity, engaged within the infinite cycle of universal expansion and collapse.

The transcendent spirit seats itself in the halls of a sealed collapse, exempt from expansion, frozen in an ego less state within the auxiliary nervous structure of Christ Our Lord. This geometric dream stasis is regarded or hypothesized by the homo genus to be 'Heaven'.

Buddhism is sloth. Nothing is more simply satisfied and coerced from ego-phlegm than self-starvation. The material dominates all in its rejection. I would love nothing more than to sit beneath an oak and turn to bone and spectacles, in rebellion. But in doing so, I relinquish the gift of my soul to the cunning moods of Belthagor, who stares bemused from the crest of our self-constructed enlightenment domes.

These were the things Herman Pancke scribbled on his lunch pale during snack break. A metal fan blew with those string

bits on it,

Selfuld Spruck sweated his armpits out and drank of a green chalice, Molly Druthers applied lipstick from a shotgun tube, and Bertrand the puffin, who was made of alloy and salad greens, sat stoic as usual with a sign in claw, "Please unlitter yourself and your mind." But Mr. Pancke was just about full in the head as usual and his snack break pale had little room left for more mind-emptying conjecture. The old clock clicked past twenty seconds, so that the holes below the feet gulped the now relieved workers back to their stations before the banana peeler conveyor. Molly Druthers pushed her lips out to smell the old dairy smell on her upper lip and remind her of the artificial teet she was weened on at birth while she peeled four thousand and twenty-one bananas in fifteen minutes, a mild pace for a late-term employee, while Mr. Pancke quietly unpeeled thirty thousand in similar time at a blurred appendage apogee. "I'm not a worker, I'm not a writer, my ears are ringing."

A wild man, when in arms reach of an affluent man, will insert his hand into the mouth of the affluent man and unhinge his jaw, hence reducing the affluent man's IQ to zero.

With limpid dexterity, Donald Turn licked the break room spoon in half while he watched hexadrome transformation on the mid-air hallucination, and Col. Doby came on the loudspeaker selling cold air exchange for twenty kilos of rice replacer, which Donald had saved in his back compartment, but had not yet oiled himself in the manner that would allow a flexible release of the compartment lever and a liberation of said twenty kilos of rice replacer, so he decided to request more hours at the peeler station so that he could afford the oil necessary for limberfication.

Dubious inertial circumference.

Taken to the back office, where the peels are put back on the

bananas and returned to the peeling line. Want a promotion?

I looked at my perfectly cracked watch. Time to punch out.

+

time for noodles.

redneck thrust into dank mung wert.
silent eel eyes examined me in my sleep last night.

When I awoke, the cell walls of my inner ear felt like candied relish, mock crystal pie. I gathered my belongings: insecticide, and soda, and left her hotel window, because
it was on the first floor.

As I walked across the boulevard, no one drove by. A musty generator ate away at the air, and a few teens went into the Gasco, so I followed and bought a breakfast snack of aged almond paste and powdered eggs. The packaging was fluorescent shower blue. Work was canceled, so I called my sister to pick me up at 10 a.m. She arrived at 9:54 a.m. and let me into her old Camry that was painted black with a golden cross on the bumper. Her habit was unwashed as usual, and she took me to the Methodist church because she had low expectations of my gnosis readings that day, which read a modest 142 on her gnotrometer.

I have no trust with myself. Inside the church, there was nothing but a blue screen on the projection. I heard a dull hum somewhere. A girl on the couch had taken her gas mask off from before, so I could recognize her.

"Back again," she asked, plumping
up her lips, "I watched your son
during Sunday school earlier, Kierk is his name, right?"

"Yes, that was him. I see you now without the mask. I'm back

again
for the men's group. My sister just dropped me off she's in the parking lot smoking a cigarette, if you want to check my forms with her and complete my sign-in."

"No, no, that won't be necessary," she said, uncrossing her legs. "I recognize you too, haha. Go ahead now, the men are in the prayer office."

Inside the prayer office on the mirrored side of the church, all four men, plus the administrator, had their penises out, but no one was erect. The bald admin greeted me with his eyes, and saw me clutching my soda, crinkling bottle sides.

"Alan, good evening. We're just about to start. We all arrived a little early. I don't know if you got my
text, but my food shift ended early, and I was crying in the parking lot,
so I decided to group text and tell everyone to meet early. But it's okay
because really you're on time, and we haven't even started to get hard yet."

My eyes shifted on all of the penises. They were the usual lumps. I sat down and grabbed a yellow book. I had read ahead and memorized the answers. Tony went first.

"I had a bad night of detachment," Tony began to get erect as he spoke, and Reggie looked amused. I started thinking about biscuits covered in chocolate, that were banned from grocery stores.

+

Later, I decided on herbicide for an evening come down. The discounted Sunjo weed eater had arrived, and since I enjoy things hard and cheap, the weeds were many weeks

overgrown, erect dandies orgiastic
in the artificial heat wave, and the tool was corded, not battery-operated.

My gloves said 'WORKFORCE' on them.

I ignored my neighbors as usual while I chopped off. The lesbian with the dog walked by and seemed surprised that I had sprung for the tool, since she typically found the need to comment on the analog push mower I used, and its inherent lack of weed chopping capabilities. I would respond with a friendly, “Oh yeah, they're stubborn,” but in my mind, I responded with, “Why don't you hang yourself if you won't procreate?”

I went inside and was machine learned.

+

I returned to the church the next day with my UZI, submachine gun.
Throbbing, bobbing, fell forward
reaching, silent yelp, chug, slumping chair lulled, cracked window, gunpowder smoke smelling, lung collapsed jugular stain leaving, my arm pumped muscle tearing numbness as shells sprayed my face and left black soot markings.

The black blood pools of the erections made a mirror that I stared into. Jonson got up and shook my hand, and removed his bulletproof vest over his head, sweat licking off his bald head, "Good shooting, ok boys," he spoke into his shirt collar, "let's reset for the next one."

In the corner, I had a coffee and Ronald came over, still covered in blood, and crouched down with me, "Hey, you got me in the eye, man. That's ok, God gave me two."

+

I went to the jailhouse to turn myself in for the shooting spree. Inside the welcome wing, Lt. Birsch sat at a giant wooden desk. He sat like a stone square. His neck was a watermelon of pink-veined veal. I
couldn't see his eyes underneath his cop cap.

"I'm here to turn myself in for multiple homicides with an UZI submachine gun. I'm a depressed person and an extremist, a general threat to the American people. Please place me in a windowless cell where I can stare at the wall or ceiling until death," I leaned in over the desk and breathed the words into his cigar-chewing mouth. He didn't look up from his newspaper, but he wore a smirk.

"I heard about your little tantrum. Nice try, wise guy," he turned the page. "But you're going to have to do better than that to get one of our premium cells."

"It was in a church, you do know that it was in a church? Don't you?" It was no use, he turned the page again and chewed his cigar, letting out two stacks of smoke from his bull nostrils. I could barely make out his garter underneath the table
shadow.

Back out on the street, I decided to buy a can of wine from the vending machine. I took out my bus pass and paid in full at the scanner. I squatted among a pile of egg crates down the alley with a Mongolian-looking man who waved and smiled.

+
The Mongolian-looking man began to recite a story.

"When I was a young man, I lived with my tribe on the steppe. The steppe was surrounded by a deep swathe of woods, the

origins of which had remained a mystery to my people for generations. There was no logical reason for a forest to grow out there in that harsh wasteland.

One afternoon, I rode my horse through the woods, looking for a specific bell brown mushroom that when grilled correctly, made for a strong back. I got a little turned around, having taken too much fuzzy tobacco in my pipe that morning. I came across an old shack

I had never seen before. I dismounted my horse and entered the shack, through a torn curtain. Inside, I found a waterless fishbowl adorning a single rickety table. Inside, a live goldfish, gasping quietly, stared into my eyes.

I took the goldfish and skinned it awake with my knife. It showed no signs of pain and put up no resistance. I made fire and skewered the fish with a sharp nail I found in a nearby tree trunk. Its flesh tasted of plump candied mollusk. I grinned and drooled down my beard.

Back at camp, I told my tribe of the succulent snack I had found in the woods. They chastised me and beat me with rods and whips for not sharing the meal. I drew my pistol, but in that moment, my feet left the ground. I had spontaneously achieved levitation. My fellow tribesmen gasped and fell to their knees. Then, I erupted into the sky and began to fly unconsciously through the cloud-streaked blue. My nostrils touched the corners of my eyes.

I had no control over where I was going. I shot through a commercial airliner, pierced a hole in the cabin, and eviscerated several passengers before the plane nosedived into a nearby mountain. These things happen, but are easily forgotten.

And then, I landed here, in the city of rats, at bus stop 6332,

right over there across the street. My power of flight was gone."

+

Split open gaffed eardrums unrelented when sucked into a speaker cone built by a hermaphroditic pyromania supplier at a local rave outlet, in a sharp bare metal server box underneath the sewage disposal system 42.

Dancing was a last resort, mostly numbers and stiffies, twitched and spilt their fluids around.

Gethsemane was in a box at the back of the room. The music felt oblique and her elbows melted against a chain-link painting. No one noticed her haircut, at odd angles and then longer. A man in a green canvas coat wrote math equations on the floor in front of her.

She got bored and was late for work at the banana factory, so she went above ground through the lift passage, its maw opening up to an unusually hot day. She finished her makeup in a bank window and walked to the factory steps, which took five minutes to climb, even though she jumped up them two at a time.

+

I sat in the room above the factory floor and peered through the invisible glass in an attempt to fulfill my observational duties. I
took several notes:

- Excessive stickiness on conveyor 29
- Peel clumps on 23
- Jeffrey Dom quietly weeping at station 2, again. Interventionist Pat placing a loosely gloved hand on Dom's

shoulder.
- New peeler Gethsemane Turn entering from back corridor, discreetly, review time portal designations.
- Low speed, hypnotic peeling from line B, group 13.
- Erotic peeling from Jennifer Simpers.
- Listlessness at station C6, Herman Pancke again.

I stopped at Mr. Pancke and reviewed his previous summons report. Pancke had been pegged for realization due to his visible literacy and growing philosophical eye, though upon being shown the re-skinning operation on floor 2, had smiled and nodded politely, and then asked to return to his peeling station on floor 1. This had been an unanticipated juncture, met by my superiors with a quiet, remote scrutiny that itched its way into my lens feed every morning and most afternoons. I sipped my coffee.

"Pancke, Pancke."

I smelled like rust. I hadn't been back to my hovel for a wash. I thought about boiling myself and finished my coffee.
+

simple satisfied outlier
lableѕs morphed drip
left outside or in a corner room
eleventh floor are you ok homosexual tear elevator encounter of the boredom

heavenly FATHER send me sideways in black sweat
to another fiend store

i have instore for all of you an exceptional lie
that can tell a fortune upside down,
are you ready
if the person you see next
has a gun

and she despises sweaters
load your own and have a nice laugh with her

the ghetto is everywhere
graffiti is funny
capitalism is the best option
enjoy the fall
amen
men are here again to claim it
fall off the cliff
forget athletic needs
slumped and soaked
tadpole lifestyles
slime and acute
suspicious of buckets.

+

Gethsemane went on smoke break, and smoked four cigarettes.

+

live slowly out of spite with dusted anger
supine and pusillanimous
pustules originate from slothish
smiles
a mexican bird caller replaces the siding
good morning
good morning
ah
smell of piss and rotted earth
beer store
the fan broke, and the bombs still haven't dropped

what a laughing shame miscellaneous garbage eruptions
galleries

nazi small businesses

there are no ancestors in this
timeline.

+

Our relationship to God is a tube made up of many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of cabled tendrils, that erupt from the pineal gland and link heavenward, all the way back to the point of origin, where the formerly collapsed universe uncollapsed itself for the
trillionth time.

To most people, these links are invisible. These people, have only a handful of limp cables dangling from the back of their heads. But to some, of the overly burdened variety, these links throb visibly, in azure daylight and scarlet night. The links sail outward, boundlessly back into the bosom of They.

+

Herman Pancke had run out of room again on his lunchbox lid.

+

despite a purler
i still remembered to obtain my bowel keys
and ignite the combustion horse which carried me far gone
beyond the donut plain of incinerated and slashed asphalt
non-coal sealed
cancer is given freely at the playground
imaginary cloud lines create rain in summer
and stick to the glossed obsidian
plastic
you just washed that, didn't you?

+

Geth awoke to the circus again. Chain smoking stopped working.

Even though she dressed in a collegiate fashion, it did nothing to subdue the clowns. Half-naked small wavers littered 83rd Ave. She still walked it, but with some small trepidation. Women as amorphous blobular suck pods. God help the needy. She didn't mind the desperation. After work, she often laid out flat on the small grass outside of the German Society. Nobody bothered her there.

+

uncouthed and draped rabies on
sour lipped power bottoms
taught my three year old how to
glue sticks today.

the organ grinned and made my teeth pinch inward
brain worm exodus ration nailed and accepted allergy season
drive into the lake to fake a suicide murder, freeze and
become revived for a 32nd century cave-man slugcorn
hologram show, live like jesus on earth without a mother.

+

I found the Mongolian man there again, seated in the rusted box corner where the tin plates reverberated against his butterflied eardrums. He smiled and brought me close, teeth in my brain.

"I flew here, I can fly again, but only temporarily. If I keep listening to this music, I think I can regain
total flight and return to that shack in the woods I told you

about. Will you join me? Oh, only if for a year... We can be among trees."

I left him in the corner laughing and ordered a vial from the goggled man in the bathroom. The blue drug made me sit in a fast food restaurant and recite philosopher names:

Guitarie
Kingel
Sauch Gon
Immin Host
Salsda
Simm
Breninheinchern
Itsz
Passcha Wong
Gimper les Songty
Grosmp Kimt

+

"Hello World" is usually the first thing they make you write when you decide to teach yourself.

+

when i was seven years old i had my
first latte it tasted like a burnt penis nipple
and i tipped the waiter a generous yet decidedly obtuse 13%
he laughed, and then became furious, showing his tattoos and pounded the table with a five veined hand, and he exhorted me with tales of locked knees and severe glans pain

i gave him my child-like condolences and went on my way sideways
on the circumference of the mountain because the top didn't look frozen over

this time of year
despite the warmth, i decided to go down by the lake and
receive a few liters of chilled moss water in my eardrums

which was only liberated later at the bbq by the newly arrived
deep socket needle, placed without
question in my suffering side temple
where i hallucinated a khan worm
escaping my canal and bleeding onto the floor

the buzzing

that was my first vacation, son of a gun
my second was from an overdose
cocktail

at the train station i waited for another sacred geometry
pattern but the same cola packaging kept entering my brain.

+

Carper Jack awoke in the john of the seance club at 3:41 am. The purple room smelled like nylon shit cocaine. He bumped through his large coat into the long hall, down into the ongoing laser beam demonstration. Skinheads sat Indian style and watched Mr. Rodrigo demonstrate the metal sheet piercing capabilities of a NENO-CX 45, porta-size laser rifle. The melted metal dripped down the stage through wires and boots, and some heads licked it up, tongues cauterized immediately.

For some fresh air in the long alley, a cat stood up as Carper Jack smoked and thought about his novel that he should be writing in the apartment. A pretend sound of cans rolling around played from a speaker in a brick. At the end of the alley, someone jerked off against the wall, but when Carper Jack got closer, he realized it was a dead

hobo wrapped up in towels and slumped over. He sifted through the towels for something, not knowing what. In the hobo's old jacket, he found four credit cards, an empty plastic baggie, and some fingernail clippings. He used some tweezers to
transfer the fingernail clippings from his left palm into a tube and secured it in the breast pocket of his coat.

He took his shades off for a moment and noticed the brilliant purple of the hobo's dead flesh.

+

immediate annulment is the best option for most things

desire is a bloated fish face inflammation spectrum quadrature
all several ligaments separate simultaneously
but don't learn to walk again
reject women, women and other intelligent lifeforms, like rats and shrimp
crush them with your bare hands
don't be afraid, god gave you IMMUNE system for when they swivel back and bite the bat flap of
your grabbing hand, that bleeds purple, then black in the days where you neglect care, lying on a stolen camping mattress in your unfurnished domicile
deciding you have to do math nothing but math
you wash dishes forty hours a week
and do math all other times.

+

can't unstop lack of empathy
can't stop self-harming wife
i prefer not to participate, or meet someone new

angel sent at a late hour will make

me cry as we depart
he stays with many looped artworks
to complete here on earth
i can't stop looking back, without fear, thinner blood
succumbs to happiness.

+

despite a kink
a brain is the best place to feed
and be left within lust
on an autumn brook
or laser tag arena

or a habitual ortho state
sung praise or quiet lips

gaps between our eyes
a gaped love

die in the mainframe
perceptible patterns without time for automation
without care
body absent

this is the kingdom, mind lost to the
other
aside space.

+

itinerant, and noble, endless a priori tunnel voice

little raspy woman, long locked gin woman
prophesied philo non-man
scholar champagne and celebrated conclusions

perception punks eat acid in their bedroom
kantian time exercise
skull morphology
waste skin
putrefied nails seen under a home scope

+

Carper Jack laid back from his work. The hobo nails smelled like his gums. His room was hung with wires and cable televisions. He made some milk powder and fed Gregory the cat.

Back to the nails, hexagonal cherub faces had formed at the molecular level. Carper Jack noted this in the book, 4:16:84 nine cherubs and a pseudo-chalice spotted, specimen #44. He grinned and took off his spectacle goggles. Easing back in the lawn chair, he smoked and contemplated his plot, but soon got tired and laid down on the mat.

In his dreams, Kenji Yamanouchi gave a sermon about hug charity for sign flippers and fast food employees. His dream-self politely waved Mr. Yamanouchi away and ordered a burger with no lettuce.

+

final destitution
i accidentally revealed to my
therapist my bad hand
i absorb everything, a nun sponge
i try the hats on, and smile for a while because otherwise, i don't listen
and i get in much trouble for my absence, that is
a style of life
absence
unfear of consciousness

amusement for the sake of importance
cosmic dread, nullified by blood, of another making
satan is naturally, useless
denigration tetra sphere, seventh cube, almost five cycles in the nirvana shot.

+

sucking end egghole, subtly hanged myself with walmart belt in the thick rimmed closet pole
outhouse upstairs blood smeared

messages
see you in hell, well deserved

negroid shamans made of turpentine rectangles slapping flesh against my umbra
fetal cord snapped over the campfire

talmudic seance brides
aspartame conception

conveyed ideology, pretend to care.

+

my family lives in the gas station
i go there, when i need care
but they forget soon after the payments have been made
thank you brother
thank the lord, bequeathed me a 45 oz beverage, what color print
does it for me
exceptional emotional response when hobo makes owner cry because owner teaches math to his
daughter on his headchip set, and

you think he's loving you.

+

Carper Jack entered the factory, tailgating on Shirley Seld, carrying with him a box of crimp flips. As soon as he bypassed the urine jet with a prepped tube, he entered the factory floor, dropped the flips, and slowly opened his puffer jacket.

There were four modules taped to each side of the puffer liner, containing 2.5 kg of plastique self-immolating white hole disintegrator. He was silent when depressing the charge piston taped to his left wrist. Immediately, nothing but his bald scalp flew to the ceiling.

In the aftermath, Herman Pancke's hands were left on the peeler station, mid-peel. Nothing else was there. Charred blood and piss electricity filled the air. A few documents fluttered around.

I observed this from my window upstairs. The upper level warped against the blast but remained intact. We always anticipate this outcome. I clocked out in my optic nerve and went down the back stairs. A red light crew had already arrived and were dousing the fires with hydro-foam.

Gethsemane was out smoking again.

I nodded to her, and she stared back, cigarette limply wiggled back off the tip of her chilled lips.

+

Our new operation opened up the following afternoon, a few blocks down at reserve facility #12. The cleanup crews were efficient and discreet, dressed in bio-warfare lab stock. No

reports were made by the news people, and no onlookers came around.

I drank my coffee and smoked on a cinder block out back. Cinder blocks made for excellent mobile shelves, a place where I could rest my mug between my legs while I tried to stare up at the sun through the early morning dust. I had started smoking mock-American tobacco and tucking in my shirt.

Day 0 in the new office, and I never missed a beat. My in-house reports, all forged. Nothing properly sanitized, codes obfuscated and only politely alluded to during formal inspections. The new crop of bananas was from 'CHILE'. I thought I saw Herman down there, but it was a new employee, Steven.

+

The mouse infestation in my apartment began shortly after the incident, the explosion. I found mouse droppings in strange places: chairs, washing machines, shelves, between mouse traps, hair, underneath cushions, inside cans and jars, tabletops, and counter arrangements of snacks. He was smart. I caught him when he got sick and confused, but the rain washed him away. His wife, Margaret, stayed on, with vengeance in her heart. The glue-eyed exterminator proved ineffectual and had difficulty breathing.

On the fourteenth night, I awoke to the dry heaving. Margaret was caught on a glue trap in the pantry closet. She was the size of a prize hog. She rested her chin on paws crossed, resigned to her fate. I dragged her fat ass down the steps to the courtyard. There was never anyone around.

I had some spare lighter fuel in the community shed. I relished squirting the fuel into the fat bitch's eyeballs and lit

the match. Mice don't scream, but you can hear the hum of their organs failing. The fire blazed, and yellow smoke and pus diffused all around my socks.

A million droppings came skittering out, like sand.

+

right temple inebriation, straight punch to the scalp
sagged lip and fleshtone musical chairs

universe champion
5
4
3
2
1

zero, missing in the night kidnap star.

+

After the mouse extermination, I became lethargic at work. I found many ways to stare blankly in a productive manner. The peelers had everything under control, anyway.

I read the file on Gethsemane, one of the survivors, over and over again. Nothing particularly stood out: math degree, foster home, sleeping pills, single dwelling unit, occasional tardiness, standard peeler fare. She had been reassigned to a new district after the explosion.

It was assumed that distance helped subdue traumatic memory response. I remembered how unfazed she had been outside that day. It aroused something inside me that I had removed long ago.

+

I though about her at church that evening. The pastor talked at length about brokenness, as he did every sermon, and I thought about her hollow eyes. My erection throbbed. I shoved money into the giving box after I popped the bread into my mouth.

+

Machine gun dusted lips in the broad day dim, CIA endorsed feminism killed the solar drive, She unloaded forty-two rounds in the safe display parking glass shattered mobile home urban lot, Plastoid stretched keen blood spilled asphyxiate rubber bullet effect head bubble live-streamed for 2,056 lucky viewers.

Cock again, touched shaved temples, Geth entered the grocery manager's office,
He had no features.

"Mam, I do the dishes, I say hello.
Mam, I live a life, I get drunk in secret. Mam, I was taught how to weave in and out of traffic playing go-kart. Mam, Mam.…"

His left leg became ramen goop, and his eyes fell out of their sockets when she unloaded.
FUCKING CREEP!
She passed out from the dopamine and was escorted out by three sexless pods wearing gas masks. The nightly news voted for restrictions.
She went back to her apartment and
slept fourteen hours before returning to work.

+

Gethsemane hit enter and sent the honesty article to the editors at Displeased City. She included herself as the main character in all of her honesty articles. This helped her be more honest.

It was poetry, straightforward and obsolete. Soul and body had been severed, this was understood by all in society. The distinction had become completely banal.
The articles were simply a way of verifying the process. In a few days, her article would be rated, and then recycled into the pool. She would write again later.

She slept for forty-five minutes, then rinsed off and returned to work.

+ + +

INSANITY BLIZZARD OR SMILING HELL

i drew flowers and circles
until the shit dribbled slack jawed down the mammalian paw
with brush trembling between claw
i inhaled pungent fumes of camphor and daal
delineated teets, excised and lifted down into the sepulcher

we fell here, by mistake
the missing nest
and now concrete patterns whisper paths back
but remain unseen to the ocher stained globulars rolling
sideways for another weekend
endless drought of conscious upheaval
endless crime of justice
abandonment supplies.

+

the oath was never given in this hell.
guilt is a gift from the lord, the only
thing that binds us to the earth
immobile chagrin likeness, ghoulish cross-breeds, violence
and debasement pure from birth
human desire is bred from a smoldering hearth, churned to an
ever embered state of fluctuation permeation eye bleed,
supernovas
cyclical dry heaving, brick wall lessons, sour temple dull
aching in the rented room, self-inflicted blunt trauma,
escapism
the script is the beating we deserve the king is a placid
vacuum
trapped in bubble-wrapped supply kits, bunkers made from
chaff severed nerves on the pew undercarriage, awkward
smiles and implanted cravings.

+

awakened by sagged lymph nodes lower left internal organ fit
ached against a firm board, eating each other alive
I soured my face in a drench, and moved to the counter
and stared at blue tiled grout
patterns, pathways barred from
wander
islands and potential for ceramic stature

decided not to eat, food is hell how tiresome, the endless
consumption the arrangement of meals
he wants us dead. tests us daily with meaningless tasks

a bug dripped out of my sweat pants, the dull electric thump
he spared me, no bites this morning

a million administrative affairs.

+

things are done to you.

+

less night, spit sod and shaft numb
bulwarks over the tide of milk
dairy pustule dose means
sifted earth, and unpleasant imperial parasites jumping from
one wing to the next, feeding the father, unholy mother,
faceless
other
doubt and bursted blood cells on dog mountain
lay at the top, and listen to the chinese man chew his cud
happily married
nothing at the bottom helps
another season of fatness and old bodies.

+

Paul Strugross marched stiffly down the avenue, into the breach of pedestrians. His arms made the shape of corrugated metal. He punched the first elderly woman that crossed his path directly in the chest. She staggered in disbelief before collapsing. Paul was already down the block but was followed by a man in tattered robes and parchments.

"Sir, sir! That was magnificent!" He attempted to stop Paul, who
marched on without paying the street prophet any mind. "Please sir, let me follow you. Teach me your ways!"

+

Her arm slipped ghost-like beneath the locked door gap, and wriggled phantom jelly patterns down the hallway to the shared bathroom refrigerator. Her long pink nails tickled Mark's hamstrings as he shaved off his warts. He slapped the fingers away and returned to shaving. From the fridge, the hand selected a jar of fermented cabbage and a bottle of czech pilsner, then squirmed back down the hall and slipped into the shadow of the door crack.

Later, a delivery driver knocked at the door several times, "Hallo, hallo, for...Gertrude Pink? 'Aloe'?" He kept holding his telephone up to the door and stood there for hours. No answer. Eventually, he went home to his children after his battery died.

+

mung sung tongue ungrafts itself from the pineal switchboard
over bloated system overhaul
and gardening at twilight

this is when the data flow calms

and a glazed cyst floats down from the succor treeline, imitating an angel's chia pet, sent from the mindscape to originate the feeling of uniqueness in a single soul suddenly lit by the spirit of Agmathadala

several geometric cross circles erupt on her forehead in blood and ultraviolet ray, tracing star patterns against the deepening night

the manor shivers in the wind and she retreat from the garden, into the study, where she lays herself down on the stone floor, and stares at the rotting beams.

+

Humanity is a scam. This is the first pebble to be deposited into the pond of happiness. Its ripples will reach the outer rim, where you can see your face undulate in low slopes of gaping flesh, barely strapped to the bone.

There is no cheating the scam. The cheating is breath in the lungs. I've never laughed harder.

We are now being bought and sold at quantum rates. We represent both bits, at all times, and are therefore always something. Our moods are parallel processes being dumped into a bottomless cache. This cache will never be cleared, nor will its contents ever add up to anything of value. The only true value is randomly inserted somewhere between waking and sleep.

+

Paul Strugross sat with arms crossed on the floor of his empty apartment, and stared at the wall opposite of a single window. Next to him was a box filled with unopened mail. There were no appliances.

+

she was bound by chainsaws
and couldn't move her limbs

no one could save her, and she died from her injuries minutes later
the factory was reformatted, the spinning chainsaw machine was replaced with banana conveyors
bernard was haunted by the gurgling cries, and would drink incessantly, no matter the time or place.

+

a free vacation
saddle up and ride
surely, most definitely, a camouflaged, tentacled, UFO is observing your
tree trip
pipe down, and stare into the fire

"what the fuck is so funny?"
uh-oh
angel dust, they said
"hey, i'm just taking orders from the wife kids..."

labels on wine bottles are actually portals

into vulnerable data management systems, where you can giggle all the way to the brimstone general store, pick up a pack of mauve, and smoke your lungs wet underneath the flickering slow bar sign.

+

did nothing again
elswald

find it pertinent that the treadmill repeats, in slightly
deformed add shapes
gently rearranged rooms, dithering away in my faded eyeballs

forgot how to lockpick, mouse is
broken
beaten again by the amy

i am amy, i drink cans of oil perfume
scented and reasonable
the snow this season is traditional and fluffy
i shot the armadillo and ended the myth
elswald

help me gulp air
i prefer.

+

Paul Strugross entered parks, places of business, gas stations, and removed all signs. Warnings, suggestions, directions, consents, discretions. He put them all in the trash, neatly.

Some muttered, but nobody messed with Paul. His arms were out like bullwhips, and hung in the air beyond his body, faithfully charged.

+

The new recruits fell in line and got to know each other. It was the first march of the season, auburn light eloped their black knee boots across the outskirts of the derelict academy. There was rubbing of shoulders, boxes of cigarettes, and flasks tossed about.

The veteran officer was in her full black trench. Her hair had grown wild over the break, and she let it fly down to the

waist. She was already pinching collars and curling her lip. We counted more than one crop hanging from her belt.

"She ran straight down the line, over the ridge during our winter campaign. I saw her knuckles deep in some chink's head sockets. She's an AMERICAN."
We exhaled smoke and got straight in line.

+

Years later, after I had officially decided to leave my wife, I planned to cross paths with this now retired officer at the local mega-church. My mother was with me that day, but I lost her in the marijuana growing display chamber through the back entrance of the church.

The officer was several years my senior, but blood from the field had preserved a breeding glow about her. We met eyes across the aisle, and I moved to her. The memory of intimate moments in the barracks churned my stomach.

"So it's okay now," her long bone fingers locked with mine.

My mother's mouth hung open stupidly when she found us. I told her to sit in another pew; the service was about to begin.

+

Paul Strugross finished writing in his diary, which was just a stack of paper in the corner of his room. He went to the doorless closet and took out the black trenchcoat uniform.

He let it hang loosely off his bulging body and stared blankly at the mirrorless wall, picturing himself there.

+

Peter Strugross burned himself quietly in an empty reservoir. The automated foam cleanup was filmed and stored in the archival footage vault of the municipal county district office server dining facility #25-bx567.

+

pneumotic
excrement palette jacks invented by stubborn physiologists
underpaid labcoated pipe smoking disc jockeys
smiling inside the skin flaying cave

can we say genders and roll our eyes, backwards
forwards
keep your pupils on the prize

over-engineered life
sweat competition
a new way to live stream vaginal tearing, during birth
send money NOW!
+

it's all in the fire
everything melted suction pattern ringed earlobe wax, dripped headcage bone protrusion afterparty dank pig smell inside the trashcan lid
fires in abandoned cars
fires on catwalks
fires underneath eyelids
fires inside our temples
the fire outside of time

listen to her calling, get back 50
and stand your ground
LISTEN
the earth is languid, and uninterested in your elementary perception

you kneel first
the demon is underneath us all, but
will not be gagged
unless you use your fist and break
through the teeth.

+ + +

THE AWARDS CEREMONY

Gethsemane Turn dressed in a black latex bodysuit for the ceremony. At the podium, the spotlight reflections from her curved body were the only source of illumination into the pitch-black crowd of dilettantes and influential executive squads.

"I'm not one. We are not together. Today I am humbled, no, mortified, to be erect and walking, to stand against this amplification. What I've witnessed....is a hole. An anomaly, unobservable. My words are a piss in the dead air, a complication. We have predicted the future, we are observers. I cannot fathom what you may think of my work, nor shall I make the attempt. The analysis is ultimately, moot. I come to you today, fully pre-analyzed, pre-built, and stress-tested. I am a woman, so to speak, and an auteur of a kind. It's for this reality you seek to praise my being, for simply following through. We live in an age where the bloodlust that once burned inside all men only burns in a few, sexless and seemingly unregistered souls. We once used the term 'free-spirit'. The decadence of freedom is forgotten. Unused. There are no exceptions of us anymore, only acceptance. The mainstream has its cake. The consumption is every second we deem worthy to be measured. I stand at this podium today, not as an announcer or prophet. I stand here today, as a

forgotten soul, another useless speck. May God deliver us all into a black hole. This is what we deserve, spaghettification, and then, nothing."

She arched her arms upwards, and the latex black suit combusted all over in an instant. Her skeleton held the heat in a practiced stance. The cross she made burned into the eyes of the black crowd. Seconds.

When her form finally slumped, and the foam jets descended from the ceiling, I cleared my throat. My eyes were watering. I was the only one to make a sound that night.

+

The new factory was up and running.

+ + +

WOODS

Shortly after the ceremony, I made the request to be transferred to WOODS.

This request was met with the appropriate re-affirming empathy care package. The allotted time was accounted for, and variables were adjusted accordingly. The message from the powers was simply:

take your time in the woods.

+

They had arranged a nice shack for me. I like to refer to it as a

"hut."

It was just big enough for a cot, a work table with a chair, a unit of shelves, and a viewing window out into the surrounding forest. As a tall man of managerial status, I could stand upright with several inches to spare. A stream ran by, about twenty yards from the freshly painted door. It was a forest green color.

+
The first day, I sat inside. I sat at the chair, and stared at the veins in my hands as they rested upon the work table. I realized I was good at sitting, so I kept at it for a while. Soon, night fell.

+

Food was delivered in silver cubes. Eventually I started to shoot rabbits, although they never bled, and the stews I made were filled with white congealed masses. I chopped wood for hours and listened to the old whimpering of brush. My veins started to pop and my body glistened, even in the fogged sunrise. The cold air healed by absent lungs. My eyes rolled. A deep terror formed inside me..

discomposure

...I cut myself, at first a small sluck
on the elbow, but then harder on my long arm, in the webbed niche.

+

I made honeyed alcohol from blue sap that ran out of the tree barks.

A sweet redheaded nymph came, while the Irishman

summoned his ship.

In the dark brush, her skin belly melted.

Someone rolled a piano by after the fire burning ceremony, and we laughed about that. How did they get a piano out here?

The man playing was a Chinese demon with robes that never sewed off. I told him the scales with my brain.

Later she flicked sticks off my leg, when I was zoned out and blank. Maybe I should have fucked her.

+

back in the hut, everything was still.
boredom slipped away as I counted the splinters in the ceiling.
the birds, in that little window.
the fire in her eyes, pustules popping, masks dripping on the velvet rung.
fingers snap and im in a cold sweat
on the cot.

time to eat.

+

at the old moon
i dipped my arms elbows deep into the pond
the light cut chin and sinew shin against toadstool
the silhouette was masculine starved

when the limbs emerged, there was absence
i couldn't feel a thing

black holes where my elbows went missing

white holes in my head

i smiled in the dark, and went to sleep against the wet grass
invalid
return input.

+

Because my arms disappeared in the
pond, I could no longer do pull-ups on my bar in the morning.

Instead, I took up meditation. There was a nice rock crop on the edge of my allowed retreat space. I could tuck myself into the rocks and sit for hours watching the long plain and horizon end. The field of long grass entertained me when I lacked the discipline to shut my eyes.
When you close your eyes, the microbes inside your lids make it obvious that the universe is a mishmash.

+

I took up eating grass instead of my cube meals because I had a memory spasm about a saint who lived in the woods and ate only grass to sustain himself. I read about him in a data log while engaging in time theft at the factory overseers' office.

I looked like a goat..

+

I quickly realized I wasn't cut out to be a manager anymore, or ever. They knew this about me, but allowed the procession. Was the leader involved? What motivates power...

I began to grow a beard.

+

The austerity came with ease, after a while. Beads of dew between moss clumps, sucked between my gray lips, upright on my single, armless chair.

My food delivery was subbed out for
boxes of candles.

I began an art piece on my bare wall. Imaginary saints kneeling before an unoccupied black throne. I used mud and pigment from crushed moss. My head was the pestle. My tongue is the brush.

+

dirge of hate
astarothian enlightenment brigade
heave it froze earth, ripped ocular spiel
im not interested

any more recruits
no.

+

I was ordered back to work after the city folk started lining up outside of the hut to seek my wisdom. I'd let them in, one at a time, and we would sit in silence. Some of them would contemplate the paintings on the walls, others would stare at the ground or my bare feet. My beard had grown to the waist.

Back in the office, I had another bird's eye view of the factory floor. Everyone was peeling grapefruits. An advanced program.

Because I no longer had hands, I was given an optical control display. The reports were relatively similar to the past.

My beard was sheared off. I felt like being productive again, but I couldn't quite put my finger on why. I suppose it was the best way to pass time. I began writing in the terminal.

+ + +

//

dis
disingenuous
scoreboard syndrome
exculpate crucial tumors from the domiciles
here lies the blame, for one, for all.

+

death is presupposed upon the smell of her cunt
fishtank coffee house, ashtray pedophilia is on sale for a quarter
which is %10000 less than my father paid to cum on your blackhole "wife"

oh well

my laptop
won’t divorce me

the babbling brook reflected goo-prisms, but they were just
the chest tattoo that the FBI/CIA/ATF/DOJ gave me
last night in their casino parlor

have you seen evolution yet?

+

null pointer dereference
overflowed semen tank
a wild stabbing at the donation center, down some stairs
hrk hrch! hrkf!! ghc- cgh- chg- cgf- xcg- hrk!!...
yellow bile leggings.

+

in maritime you can be nude on the top mast with a machine gun smoking a felt pipe in the sideway without a cunt up your shipboots.

+

your private property is my middle finger up your ass, and a warm pistola to your head
the universe can be immolated through thermo-nuclear expansion devices deposited beyond the event horizons
why stop at statues, build a blood portal for your fetal masses

slavery will become overtly fashionable again.

+

the pepper spray didn't work, as i expected

the man caught in the chain link fence hung himself
his eyes bulged, and his face stretched, and sweated out
purple sausage patterns
as i continued to dump the toxic spray into the glands of his
eyeballs
the clouds stung me but he
stared back, growing
stronger with the suffering
i fed him
then decided to switch tactics and beat his rubber face with a
bicycle helmet, over and over and over
flapped bluffed strumple grush.

+

uninhibited claims of freedom
a well protected nation state, is the sovereignty staring us in
the face
a blend of cattle, mowing lawns
discotheque, marathon

employ property lines to vent testicular functions

homogenized stability of mistrust
a sphere of persuasion encapsulates and encrypts or delegate
sensibilities
unfortunate platitudes inter-opt the ejaculatory phase
we're never getting off this ride

the crash will be mismanaged, and
spectacularly gruesome

but the body is just a thing
just a piece of bread to be soaked in blood.

+

help me from talking, or looking
reach down and grasp the straw of my brow
eat the shit of evening's sow
another baseband info feed
immaculate hercules cockroach.

+

a modest dowry

the gravitational pull of an erection is shown to shrink the pineal gland a study shows
i'm not myself when i'm near, i hover just outside of my body and we share information
can you detect sarcasm, or are you simply ashamed of me

shame is an endless internal error
a false false positive
i'm positively swooning at the solstice this year, without heat
i'm positively rolling backwards
and aggressively charging
the king's chamber
with the poisoned cup of wine
said the taster.

+

i unpearled myself at the ripe age of sixteen
the candles blew out on my sarcophagus phase

every stepping stone is wet every slip is the inevitable path i was lead to believe
i chose

but all the same, it remains amusing, at all times
detachment is an issue, but i can pretend rather well
and i wait for my slave shift

cracking stones with a dull sledge
i want the tissues to separate from my back
off me
out of me

enough sallow phlegm
burn my cord blood in the field!

+

dismal slough of skin
cowhide stretched mask, eyeballs rolled perpendicular down the hospital stairwell
effortless smoking is preferred to quitting. simple legs-crossed pleasures of the carefully selected and quiet observers.

+ + +

Wave

After writing for ten minutes at the terminal, I closed the lid

and went out the back door of the factory. I buttoned up my jacket because the wind had been turned on.

In a passing crowd, I made eye contact with Gethsemane Turn. I was sure it was her because her skin was smoldering and only her eyes were white. She smiled and gave a casual wave. She was gone before I could respond.

II: Removal

I decided to begin the removal on the day when I ate the mantis at the insectarium. My son had finished holding the mantis, and the handler offered me a turn. I remember, because the handler was wearing one of those fashionable mouth restrictors, so I could only make out her almond eyes. I remember thinking that I would take her in the back and fuck her immuno-compromised body. My mind was ripped from this fantasy when the mantis, in her hands, raised its fists at me, taunting its impending death. This made me want to jump through a window. Instead, I took the bug and consumed it in two bites.

I dreamed of removing my toenails, one by one. I dreamed of being tied to a chair, and having my teeth wrenched out. My face was a bloody mop, and I laughed and chose the pain, even though I held no secrets to tell. They had the wrong man. Just another body of suffering, a collection of imaginary nerve endings and a stem. I would remove my fantasy first, and then enter the footed forest, before the long climb up the cragged knife at the edge of the world.

My son asked me daily about eating the mantis. Over the next week, I threw away twenty pounds of clothing, forty-two books, nine hundred pieces of paper, two lamps, thirteen chairs, nine pots and pans, sixteen pens, a lawnmower, a cinder block, eight pieces of fresh fruit, twenty photographs, two jars of pickles, seventeen action figures, eight CDs, one pair of headphones, one portable toilet seat, seven books of my poetry, two bottles of half-drunk wine, three of my wife's vibrators, a toy clock, my grandfather's ring. I celebrated by exploding a can of WD-40 in the charcoal grill, and burnt the side of my face. I wrapped my face casually in some gauze, and days later it hung grotesquely ocher. My left eye winked shut.

My wife would say, why don't you
go see a doctor?

Eventually, the skin healed fine. The muffled folds were pink raw and creased well when I smiled. I began putting the recycling in the trash. An ocean smiled back.

I ate my meals in the attic. I sat on the hard redwood floor.

I began working from home, which entailed a farce of computer science and advertisement. I threw our cat out of the window, several times, and eventually he found another home. What little cash I had saved sat in a tin on my desk. I would only dip into the savings for highly disposable goods, such as cigarettes.

The ceiling in the attic morphed into three faces: the old man, the demon, and the serpent.

The burning lights in the grocery store fired the sweat on my brow, my son ripped into a plastic fruit wad, and chewed and sucked amalgamated sacchar. I avoided the
eyes of the suffocated.

When I removed the wheels from the wagon, my wife said, "How long until that's fixed?" I smoked eight cigarettes before I was finished with the job. I had the time to waste.

beat my fecal inward organ backwards
holy sun ball upon pale flesh
screaming girl trapped in car elevator
sobbing in the grass down the block

she's ok, said the fireman.

i peeled my soft white dermis, translucent bug shed
handed her a big piece, slightly wet from secretion.
she stopped sobbing.

my son said, that mom was crying.
she's not a mother, I told him.

I removed just my pant legs. The burns had turned to a scapular red plane, crags and steppes all dolled out on itched dermis. I had thrown out the olive oil, aloe, coconut, and I further roasted the hocks in the yard, where the tree of heaven did not shade.

inane death
uphold meld syndrome
perfected and supine
relaxed upon the eternal esker
i'll wait for the sand to blow my eyes out.

diserta, exculpurta, non-mentioata,
elastic elastic elas!
bon appétit!
bon ami, my peregrinated toothy decay
scapular smiles inside dry wet bus ride.
elevate beyond my addendum.

Ex-priest and salivary salt ties, whipped banknotes, death mimes enter the roadside cafe past nine looking for a black coffee to drink religiously throughout the Texas afternoon, smoked blacked and vaguely inhumane. Tights leered and hats bent beyond sweated and melty white brows streaked with crow black and cheap tobacco
mascara.

El-Pierre spoke first on the portico cusp, "Do we intend to stay in this country?" Marl-P slapped at his wrist for the audible sounds. Demi-El retorted, "We have no need to stay in character in a place like this." He sipped hard at the edge of the chipped cup. About one hundred feet away, a wind will crept toward the earth one centimeter per hour.

El-Pierre said, "Armadillos are fantastical creatures. I've never actually seen an armadillo out here." A trilobite came over the pink horizon. The first mime cocked his revolver and struggled to keep his arm straight. Black paint dripped between the porch cracks. The second mime froze mid-sip. The third, half asleep and fanning herself to death, moaned, "Don't bother with this one."

The trilobite, a seven-footer, came on over the crags and dusted wheedles. It was silent, but a putta-putta-putta-scutta-put...antenna bobbed against El-Pierre's knee, and a shot rang out. The ricochet left a ring in the pan, and the old lamp wards swung in the portico. Marl-P cackled and ate steak, the trilobite sleuthed under the swing doors into the saloon, and Demi-El blew smoke, "I said so, didn't I?"

The quivering white hand slumped the revolver on the table and pinched the sweated brow, "Dear father in Heaven." The bartender was sucked dry by the trilobite's soft maw, his elbows bent and frozen-mid stand, his face a mess, but silently except a putta-sculpa. And I sat in the corner reading the

news:

TODAY, EXTRA ESSENTIALLY MOIST DECIDUOUS PLANT WOOD IS DRYING AT ALARMING THIRST RATES. PLEASE BARRICADE YOUR HORSES AND NOSTRILS. SEVERAL PINK CRUSTACEOUS HERDS COME AMBLING BY.

I removed all ten of my fingernails today. The pain was ample, and brilliant. Fortunately, my wife and son left several weeks ago. I had the room all to myself. It's easier now with raw tips. One less thing to think about, one less maintenance call. The outer limits of endurance, a well-earned gift.

I despise the homeless, but I'm not capable of building my own home. A windowless room will do for now. Because of the times, few authorities are cognizant of my self-removal. My bloodline retired years ago, they are nowhere to be found. Ah, peace.

I am not a great man, but I am destined to be left alone. Even watching birds has become boring to me. All interest, gone. I waited in line at the grocery store for hours, but never checked out. I had no items. No one said anything. The goon in the bakery doesn't know what ladyfingers are.

absalom.

erogenous, diaspora. elk meat.

craving a death beating of my mind.
beat the shit out of my mind.
little numbed droplets of fletched bone and spit.
pestled into the dirt.
spit in the eye, still blind.

I never tried, and yet I always succeed.

My wife sent legal documents that I burned in the sink.

I considered removing my genitals, but I despise fashion. Instead, I ignore all sexual provocations, of the mind, and of the Earth.
The bartender, now a skeleton, having been sucked dry several days ago, serves me a brandy at my behest, self-liberated jaunt beyond the oak counter, and one elbow fulcrumed at the proper angle, other hand on the top shelf with Dr. Bred No.400, a nice bottle for one man in a parlor.

The mimes had all gone. I was the king pantomime now. The trilobite had retired to the upstairs room. It lay beyond the door, up there. I saw a dusted purple light in the cracks. What are you doing in that purple room?

excreto removed
salivary removed
doctorate removed
especiale removed
teeth removable
sunken eyes removing soon
dispensations and preferences removed.
don quixote removed.
tuning forks removable.
i lit another light before blowing it out the window, handless dinner ceremony, wall goblin smut night.
heavy chelated breath protocol,
not once, twice, twined room wire shot sparks and paper is collecting in the vestibule.
unsubscribe from visual contact with billboards.
check-out is never extendable. drawn maple coffee in the rust boiler, long drives to the
kindergarten bomb shelter.

I noticed the isopod on my scalp. It was Thursday, and my windows were properly blacked out. I could feel him in the

dark, munching away, feasting on the dry dead skin that had fallen from me since childhood. Finally, I had peace. The removal was working as intended. The isopod was now my charge, and my cranial utopia was his eternal pasture. A new symbiosis formed on your block this year, just a few doors down, where the weeds grow.

He moved slowly, and occasionally strayed upon my brow. I would hold my breath and focus on the minute clicking of his mandible. Ah...

I finally looked through the peephole. I saw a dull mass of bodies entwined like a ball of spikes, their flesh sloughed into each other, jutted elbows and edible kneecaps, sarcophaganted eyeballs bulged out and laughed at me, at my solitude. The blood soup filled up my exterior foyer, a package, a delivery. Knock, knock, knock, may we? Shall we? Might we come in? I sat back down into the darkness, disturbed by this intrusion. I wasn't alone.

It took me time to peel the paint. I had to get outside and take a look at the flesh mass. I had to know what I was up against. I would take breaks from scraping and go to the bathroom where a jar with all of my teeth sat on the counter. I would make an incision with my glass shard where the gum had healed over and jam a tooth back in there. Sometimes they would fall right back out when I went back to scraping. My door was painted shut, many times over.

I remembered why they took me to the chair, gouged out my eyes, and blended my guts with rusted arm saws. I followed her too much in the grocery store, so they punished me. They took me in the back and strapped me to the chair. They replaced my legs with old radiator pipes. "What are you doing to me?" I screamed.

I finally got the house back in order. The dishes were cleaned,

trash emptied, devices powered up and ready, linens pressed, nails growing back, scents of vetiver bulbed throughout the den, cowboys and indians neatly arranged, the Holy Bible on display four ways, refrigerator spotless, animal corpses removed, light seeping in through the scraped windows. Sometimes, I think, is my wife asleep on the couch? I heard small footsteps upstairs in the attic.

I opened the door to the foyer and grabbed the mail.

+ + +

III: Lemming Hour

pathetic criminal expanse of webbed fingers in my daily pocket.
i forgot how to please myself.
he turned the corner and opened fire on the bakery,
he turned himself in and sat quietly in the fake gas chamber.
they eventually let him read and go for a swim.
nobody raped him.
several layers of squared hemispheres separated the windows from his brain.
lemming hour.
a tour of france is always nice.
you can hear breathing inside the piano record.
dead on a tibetan carpet of red.

heavens on strike as usual, so we make due with a jerking motion at a right angle in the coffee chair. wheeze pregnancy.
kinetic dimples were invented by aristophocles.
the way, the truth, the life, the feet.
i walked out ten years later a better man, bought a barber shop, bought a new hair. had my glasses hand
pressed and steamer cleaned. they

were translucent and black. and i could finally see the sun set on the pasture of life, purchased with blood and guaranteed with a handshake.
i found a broken hamster wheel in the dumpster behind the barber shop.
i decided not to repair it.

minuscule feelings of bombed out child brains, carefully bandaged by the last man on earth.
whose campaign fragrance do you perceive?
zip up the gaping black hole, and learn to laugh another day.
aluminum connectors conduct cheap radio waves inside ever widening birth canals,
a fortress of crowned bone and tissue softeners.
a pleasant end to the news.
a refreshed christ dawns his crimson robe, and makes haste toward the oil field.

degenerative asthma inclusion, ate a purple crystal on 82nd.

here is molded asphalt sphincter
cum tunnel.
it's fun to walk and bend legs outside.
despite the joke of bombs.
and charred animal traps.
i get away once in awhile, my wife and kids understand.
sometimes they're with me.
if i go for a walk, i'm not gone long.

everyone sits in traffic to get fingerfucked, again.
this will bring a sigh of relief.
the chills are holy spirit being sprayed on you by invisible cherubs, usa.

imperceptible deportation by the loss of willpower,
atrophied internal structure of bone and negative space.
too grumpy, mostly cowardly.
apprehensiver.

while on a long walk sideways, down Sandy BLVD
hanging my most recent magazine on every other telephone post,
i met an old gnome wizard, who sat indifferent,
but i felt compelled to offer him the tacks in my pocket,
since i carried no cash, or other items, and was out of mags,
i don't need it, he said.
it's all i have, i said.
i don't have use for 'em.

i pulled the crystal knife from my forehead in the morning.
it required a whispered enchantment, and a pledge to the bloodletter, DEMUGER.
i raced out of my hovel, half-robbed, and plunged the knife into the street mayor's heart, the lesbian.
her dog ran like a coward, as i removed her cage and fixed a hat from it upon my glistening scalp.
in the weeks following, i massacred all faggots, spooks, beanbags, sloths, stoners, trustfunds, french sadists, politicians, tech-bros, niggers, foreskins, kikes, incels, dogs, cats, "trans", school board members, baristas, professors, gooks, can collectors, junkies, and food delivery professionals and whites.
the city was red and purple, and
turning brown rapidly.
midgets, and irish nymphs, and stone mason men with bulging muscles roamed free. the children reigned supreme. i

was a lowly king, wearing my ribbed crown, and tattered curtain cape. i took no sex, or money from the denizens. i sat atop the smoldering skyscraper, waiting to hear the call from our Lord.

respond: all of the local leaders' heads were piked on the cellular towers. a cinderblock was my throne. eventually the government-designed ufos arrived en masse, and a small vessel docked on the side of the citadel. a generic man-in-suit stepped out and extended his hand to me, 'well done, my son. you are the first to act.'

i began by cutting the hand, once, twice, over and over, but it grew back again and again, and he went from a grin, to laughing in my face. his shades shifted and i could see his eyeless sockets.

open chagrin
my grinned chakra unleashed thirty buck shot in the dampened forest
heaving doe breast purple organette playing the background.
a moth on her eyelid, and bed of viscera for a feast.
rachmaninoff emerged from the brush, and lit the candles.
tolstoy finished deadifting in the cave and set the table.
bobby fischer sat at the head.
wagner crossed his arms in the coffin.
'the sound of crushing trumpets, sorrowless fulfillments, endless pedigrees, and smut!'
i flew backwards up, out of the woods and could just glimpse the five-pointed star burned within the clearing.
inside the sun, i became an unctuous meal.

IV: Fistula Chamois

I held Her at a strangle angle from behind so that Her almond eyes and square face could turn back and catch the moonlight from the hotel balcony windows, Her knowing glare that we would never be friends, or lovers, or happily married, or have children and live in the stone house together. We met four hours ago, this time, but it wasn't the first meeting, never the last. We will fuck and burn our soft tissue to ash, and perhaps my son, grown up, will be permitted to sort our bones out, and hopefully he won't at that time be into making jewelry out of bones or something else queer in that way.

She serpented to meet my face, and we fell on the small couch, butting heads. It was quiet together.

+

I hadn't spoken to my first and only son in many years, because I had become a successful poet, and hence threw off my domestic life completely. He went on to do well as a

religious teacher and mathematician. He taught about Jesus and Buddha and Mectron, and made a nice reputation with an essay titled *Nova Health: A Burning Leap Inward*. I take credit for his shit eating academic grin.
For some reason, in the middle of this fucked century, people got back into poetry. Lucky for me, I always liked it, mostly because I'm a lethargic son of a bitch. I'm really a painter, but I have no follow through, so I sit at a computer and jerk off, which is a lot easier than painting a giant canvas.

Me and Garth, my son that is, he would come over to my forest bunker and we would sit outside on cinder blocks smoking cigarettes and having some cheap booze or coffee, whatever was lying around.

“Dad, Mom, Dad, Mom, Dad, Mom,” Garth laughed and flicked his butts into the dry brush.

“If you start another fire, I'll spray you.”

I forgot how old he was, but he was well dressed in a tweed suit and jack boots. We watched black and white commercials and I tried to give him these mushrooms I had grown, but he told me that Jesus was coming soon, and waved them away.

+

I had gotten married in the first place because I was bored. Something about the Church kept creeping at me, and the secular world is a scam anyway, so we got a preacher guy to do the deed. The wife's wedding night lingerie makes my neck tighten to this day, even though she cried the entire time.

Despite an honest stab at Christianity, I could never stop jerking off, and neither could anyone else, as far as I could tell.

+

I had met Her four hours earlier at the book reading I gave in some shit hole bar. I don't know why they packed so many sniveling assholes into some archaic punk bar, that sort of thing hadn't been fashionable for decades. Then again, a white heterosexual male, myself, was making all the waves in the literary world, so post-post-contrarianism was in full vogue, again.

Anyway, this had all been part of the plan, to end up in New York. I knew Her stone house in eastern Pennsylvania, and I knew She was active enough in the scene to show up to something like this. In fact, I had gone the extra mile to ensure that *Doubt Cream*, the East Coast's most subversive review, would send somebody out. I had found out She worked there as a supervising editor through some rudimentary social media spelunking, courtesy of the wife's retained credentials.

Everyone threw booze and candy at me, but my routine was to walk around with a tall glass of water, and never take a sip. I only liked getting fucked up in private anyway. In fact, I'd make a little collection of the acid and molly and poppers and mushrooms and ketamine and miscellaneous pharmaceuticals, in my left breast pocket, and throw them on my hotel bed at the end of these many re-runned nights, and only pick out the acid, and throw the rest of that shit out the window, and then get drunk and chain smoke and listen to nothing while pretending to be on my death bed.

I saw Her right away, after I started the reading. The same square face the wife had always described. She looked like She could headbutt my skull into dust. I knew She was the woman I had envisioned I'd meet on this planet, long before I plummeted into my mother's drunken womb. A creature that I had shifted past once, back when I had been closer to God.

+

The wife unsuccessfully hung herself after our first daughter suffocated in a grocery bag.

"Norah was always ahead of her time," I tried to tell her. I had decided to divorce her long before the event. The bag really sealed the deal, and seemed an opportune moment to take my leave, since Garth was long gone out of the house and down the proverbial wormhole.

The legal documents were delivered to the psych ward. Take the Earth, and eat it.

+

elemental subterfuge, dawn sucked from kid palms at the spent gas chamber concert,
a purple hue emanates from your lip-shaded mollusk.
erogenous suffocation zone, within perennial layer caked brain patterns,
that ascertain a certain effervescent coma,

a certain family that hooked you up to beeping machines and drugs drugs drugs
hallelujah!
hallelujah!
a virile chicano appears at the center stage, of an otherwise docile congregation.
hallelujah, you bastards. you don't know my name.

+

Poetry is my face without a name, and my claim to fame. I never met a woman who laughed at this other than the wife. Her laughter was the first sign that it was meant to be, though I had dull instincts at the time. My perception of the future

was glazed by a seemingly permanent drunken futility. God is a prankster who blessed me with the kidneys of a smoldering forge.

I died several times when entering her raw on the first night. My fragmented reality became concentric in its ultimate goal, though I remained ignorant of it at
the time, and still do now.

"I was always compared to Her, growing up," the wife told me, some years later when we discussed the past, and our obvious weaknesses.

+

lipman jeans sold today for a retail of 48,000 dollars, and then we thanked their smiles with amazing claps.
bastard claps, and champagne.
i went into some kind of business for relief.
man in car, goes to the car store.
man in clouds, goes to the cloud store.
Harry Kiss is eating his heart out today on channel terminal excel-4.
these were minor broadcasts.

+

Our interview went well, and three whiskeys in, I fancied myself more than Her. This made the seduction an afterthought. She was a doll, the same as in the photos the wife had shown me. Exquisite, exquisite, exquisite.
Darling!
Ego.

+

I often wondered about the painting in the midwife's house. A

perfect cabin in the woods, abreast the crystal turn of river mist. The same place I pictured within the darkness of prayer, the place I was waiting to go while I chewed the flesh.

“It's such a blessing she's tasking us on last minute like this, otherwise we'd be stuck at the hospital like all the other pigs.”
+

I bless pigs before I eat them.
I eat pigs often.
I am blessed.
I forgot to bless you before you left my apartment.

+

She found my three cinder blocks amusing, and I told Her to sit on the floor.

Daddy, this is sad. Don't be mean to mommy. I don't need to sit, I'm light and you can't see my face. Daddy?

Fucking looks retarded. I can't stand the way women look when you fuck them. What a joke. I'm hooked up to a machine that's draining my essence. I can see myself, from the ceiling. I'm a light bulb. I'm eating too much again. Smell of armpit, I suck on her hairs. Beat my head on the hardwood. Imagine what's going on in there, the horror of my sperm dying, all dying. Hot furnace of murder.

+

I received a substantial grant from the Youngman Goodkind Sachsun Social Bank. I rolled over and opened my telephone.

Inside, the operator's mechanical jaws looked like tooth multiplier.

My eyes rolled back in my head while She pissed in my room's corner bucket.

“Hello? Hello?”

“Yellow?”

“The funds sir? The funds. I have tested a deposit. Please verify your account has been tested. Please, sir."

“Hello?”

+

The wife stabbed me three times while I was sleeping, but the knife was quite blunt so it was more like being punched, very hard. I threw her against the blinds and the window cut her face up, and I simply left with a bloody shirt and put my jeans on.
Staggering around stabbed is fun.
City is always gay this time of night.
In the old days you can find toilets put out, and pick them up and heave them in the street.

Nothing is more satisfying than destroying porcelain.
Climbing hills in industrial areas, no way back down, trespassing another terramation facility.
I saw midgets begrinned the cans over there.

“Midgets?”

No response, as usual.

+

Garth became famous in 2167 AD.

He had transferred his consciousness into MAGBODY, leaving

his meat husk hung in a highly secure rack depot. Coffee was back in style. The world was a purplish green and Anti-Boolean reverse Nigrid-Economic-Jams espoused free utopia for the disembodied eyeballs of Gen-Gen. Garth preached,

“DAD & MOTHER & SISTERS +989()()/>989();ert;*if*+ ++=*sanx*”

By then, my hyper static singularity state, fully decorated with daughter, father, the wife, and so on, had become unstable. Occasionally, She passed by framed in ultraray. It was nice to see Her in total sleep.

+

I asked for a spirit guide at the front visitor center. A pale gray man in a feathered goocho hat was reading art magazine *GURLP 004*.

“Don't know.”

He hissed at me. The trails were well defined. That day I had been looking for owls and beavers of size. In the wetness of the hue I found scapular gray musk and distorted fungi. Brittle to the knee, my pads were sogged and a ditch stick lifted the balmy moss. In a marsh over the dock, I saw pelicanatropos. I laughed at his blue krull headbutt and booby feet. A walk in the park is all you need to get your head straight. In the reeds I agreed to everything. Lameness permeated my soul, though I was horny most days. A glowing star appeared midday over the crenelated barn.

+

When I moved in with Her at the stone house, we would sit upstairs and stare out of the french windows and lived a mostly romantic life in the New Countryside. Occasionally,

She would get up and throw a teacup against the wall, and scream,

“You did this!”

but I could calm Her down by running Her wing bones with two knuckles. Downward we go, and down the spiral staircase to the kitchenette. A horse peeked into the window and I fed it an apple,

“Here Mister Sanders,”

and She smiled and I smiled and a radio wave still played in my brain, a haunting British tune about leaving in the morning for work.

+

I got a job at the Academy and another substantial grant to write the smasher *Ding Ding Sunken*, a collection of critical wartime observations, about headless bags and meat puppets on the front, and fully automated chainsaw drones. I was an expertly trained gore and smut scholar for the age of repetition.

Another hysterical fit in the teacher's lounger and Professor Kenny was crying and holding his alternate heart and saying stuff like,

“Not again, not like this, if I have to do it again. If I have to read another paper about cerealvaginoplasty I will light myself on fire in Big Mike's Doughnut Shoppe. Goddammit these mongrels. Fucking mongs! Loafers, losers, bacheloring and baching and barking up my staircase, into my office, all hot and pierced, fucking around with money?? Coins???? Who even eats anymore? Classic, just classic!”

He pounded his fists out and we all gave him support and got ready for next class. I wore a glowing tracksuit and always carried a machine gun in my briefcase, though I had never used it and was uncertain of its reliability, since it had been constructed with a thread machine in the stone house basement.

+

Disaster wretched milk thruster of enigma purloined cerebellum, gasping for utero, strangulation protocol 189X, imbibe sacrosanct cum ferrule, enneagram, expulse ideological musk and relieve the temporal pressure valve.

I wrote this on the bathroom stall after abusing my balls into the toilet floor, and escaped the vessel that rung its neck around my exculpated pith. Outside on the street I took a whiff of the calm city air and felt a tinge of guilt for beating the baby chair horse into the corner. I drove around not really doing anything, and went home to pay money on a cam show where teenagers were locked in a storage container and forced to behave. I got tired of vice, so I would eliminate myself psychically in the oval closet with my only belt, but the bar never seemed able to repent my weight, so I lost a few pounds of sweat on the punching bag instead. It wasn't really going anywhere.

Give yourself up, but never sign anything. Leave your obligations, they don't feel for you. They won't stop the blood in your heart. It’s relatively cheap to live in a car around the city, and the internet is hooked into the v-chip.

+

Being homeless was the first time I felt peaceful.

+

Gun sewing had become Her main work, since book arts failed Her. The guns were cream, a beige, and wood fern, almond butter, wrapped taught lockback bar handles for nuzzled shoulder support automatic spray and pray bang offs of needless desperation.

We would take prototypes into the woods and rattle off rounds at the shed and trees. Her square face folds and smiles against the rapidly propelled explosions. A dead animal is collaterally victimized, its pelt bled and holed and hung sideways over the hearth in the stone house. We lie our carpeted heads down and stare into its bulging nostrils, where the feverish doe whimpers its final taste of oxygen.

+ + +

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